

BOLD SONS OF MAINE.

HEROIC AND SANGUINARY CHARGES
OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

scaled the Stonewall and Earth Redoubts at Marye's Heights and Planted the First Flag Upon the Crest—A Skirmish Line Charge at Rappahannock Redoubts.

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UNDAY, May 3, 1863, was a matchless day on the northern neck of Virginia, where the Rappahannock flows, and twenty odd thousand of us arose from our bivouacs and shook the dust from our uniforms to put on a holiday shine. Although the Sabbath having found us in the presence of the enemy just where we had passed several days without a collision, the chances were many to one that we would fight before we prayed or slept again. Our corps d'armee under Gen. Sedgwick lay on the southern or Confederate side of the river in the shelter of the ravines that thread the plain below Fredericksburg midway between the river's bank and the base of the range of hills made famous by the bloody struggles of two campaigns.

Sedgwick had stolen a march on the Confederates by leading us across under their very noses one heavy, foggy morning, and the enemy had less cause to concern himself about what we would do after pouncing so close to our game than we had to concern ourselves about how he should be dislodged from his hillside rifle pits and the cannon crowned crests above them. We had been there before on the same errand, and had seen 13,000 of our comrades go down in an attempt like that to which we were called—we who numbered but 24,000. True, we were not entirely alone.

Five other corps, constituting five-sixths of the then magnificent Army of the Potomac and numbering nearly 100,000 men, lay but eight miles distant, beyond those heights and beyond the Confederate camps on the same elevated plane, and our days of wearing inactivity in those narrow and cramped ravines had been at times enlivened by the thought that the Sixth corps had crossed the river merely to lie low and gobble up the men in gray whom the other five corps would drive down into the valley on their march across the hills to meet us. But no; the order came from army headquarters at Chancellorsville about midnight on Saturday that the Sixth corps should climb the heights and drive the enemy out and push him on into the trap alleged to be awaiting him at the other end of the line.

Southward once more our columns marched and countermarched up and down the ravines and over the plains, as we had done every night for a week, and at daylight rested in hiding to quiet any alarm the enemy might have taken from our movements. We covered a little more ground and hugged the foot of the hills a little closer; that was all that showed on the surface. But the programme for the day showed something more. Every regiment and every battery in the line was to crowd and harass the enemy in its front, while a picked storming column should make a forlorn attempt to scale Marye's Heights, the stronghold of all that range of embattled hills—Marye's Heights with their stone wall breastworks, their chain of earth redoubts, their reputation as a slaughter pen and their machinery for butchery in prime working order.

The highest post of honor fell by mere accident to the Sixth Maine regiment, a body of stalwart lumbermen from the banks of the Penobscot. The storming party consisted of a line of battle, deployed parallel to the heights, with heavy ends or columns massed to form the wings. The line of battle was led by Col. Hiram Burnham, of the Sixth Maine, his own regiment on the right hugging the plank road which ascends and crosses Marye's hill. Three regiments were on the left of the Maine men, and one—the Fifth Wisconsin—was skirmishing in front of the whole line.

The right wing column had an easy march for the first few rods, for it moved up the plank road. When it started at double quick the enemy's rifle pits, redoubts and stone wall breastwork brought every arm into play. The advance of the right column was a signal for the others, and with intervals between the right column and the line of battle, and again between the line of battle and the left column, the entire party moved in fair unison up the foot slopes. The Confederate cannoners on the heights took particular aim at the solid ranks of the wings, and a few rounds of shell checked their march perceptibly. Colonel Spear, of the right column, fell an early victim, and about the same time a shot burst over the front ranks of the left column, killing a regimental leader and several men.

The line of battle facing directly the stone wall and redoubts swept on at double quick, bayonets in hand, without firing a shot, and the connection was quickly broken between the Maine boys and the right column, and also between them and the regiment on their left. Thus they dashed on alone and well ahead and up to and over the stone wall where the musketry fire was hottest, and on to the rifle pits and redoubts above. It was so quickly done that the enemy's reserves hadn't time to rally at the wall.

Maj. Joel A. Haycock fell while cheering his men in the first dash and in front of the rifle pits. As they were about to mount their sword in hand four young captains were cut down at the head of their companies by musket balls fired from the pits. The fatal volley also carried down scores

of the men, but the survivors were only maddened by the disaster, and rushed upon the defenders of the pits with bayonets and clubbed muskets. The attack on the redoubts was led to the very mouths of the guns. The commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Harris, dodged a discharge of canister and the next moment laid his hand upon the cannon.

The color bearer, Sergt. Gray, was so close to the muzzle of the gun that the force of the discharge knocked him down. Another sergeant, Hill, of Company C, seized the staff and planted the flag, which had been riddled with canister, upon the earth embankment. The Confederates swarmed to the spot to beat back the assailants, and then the Maine boys piled the bayonet without stint. One of them bayoneted two antagonists and brained a third with the butt of his gun. Hand to hand affairs are always short lived, and this one was over in a few minutes and Col. Burnham's line in possession of the heights, the guns and hundreds of prisoners. The artillery cannon belonged to the famous Washington battalion of New Orleans, and their commander on giving up his sword exclaimed, "Boys, you've captured the best battery in the Confederacy."

The Sixth Maine dearly earned its honor of being the first to cross those renowned walls and breastworks. Five officers and 33 men paid with their lives, and 96 were wounded. The captains who fell were John H. Ballinger, Thomas P. Roach of Eastport and S. W. Gray of Brownville.

The heaviest regimental loss at Marye's Heights fell upon the skirmishing regiment—the Fifth Wisconsin. In the next brilliant fight of the Sixth Maine the two regiments were again closely linked, but with changed places. The Maine boys were skirmishers and the Wisconsin men followed their lead. This affair was also on the Rappahannock, at the railroad crossing a few miles above Fredericksburg. The Confederates had fortified the crossing on the northern side with a line of rifle pits two miles in extent. Near the center and also at a point 300 yards to the right of it were two redoubts mounted with artillery. Five companies of the Sixth Maine were on skirmish line in front of the space lying between the redoubts, and at sundown Nov. 7, 1863, the brigade commander ordered the skirmishers to be doubled and pushed forward to the enemy's works.

The remaining five companies of the Sixth regiment were then deployed and marched to the front, forming two ranks of skirmishers. The line mustered 21 officers and 300 men. The Fifth Wisconsin formed at some distance in the rear to support the attack. The Maine boys moved out with uncapped muskets, and driving the enemy's skirmishers before them soon encountered an unforeseen obstacle. Across the pathway lay a ditch twelve to fourteen feet wide and about six feet deep, with mud and water at the bottom. Scrambling



SERGT. ROBERTS CAPTURING THE FLAG.

through this under a fire from muskets and cannon, the line swept on across a field of stumps and brush up to the dry moat that covered the entire length of the parapets. Officers and men fell at every step, but the survivors went ahead and scaled the works, redoubts and all, at one impetuous rush. The lieutenant colonel was one of the first to fall, and from that time on the battle was so close that it was simply a melee, with every man for himself. One of the captains, R. W. Furlong, of Calais, leaped over the works, and after emptying his revolver fought with a clubbed musket until he fell dead. Around his body lay many Confederate dead, who had been brained with the musket stock. A sergeant (O. H. Roberts, of Company B, from Corinth), who found himself alone after leaping the parapet, threw up his hands when summoned to surrender, but seeing that he had been followed over the works by several of his men called out: "No! I take it back!" With five comrades he rushed upon the color guard of the Eighth Louisiana, seized the flag, and in a desperate struggle bore off the trophy and a batch of prisoners along with it. Deeds of valor without number marked the field. The officers fell rapidly, and sergeants and privates assumed direction in their stead.

The bitter struggle couldn't last long with odds of 10 to 1. The Maine skirmishers who entered the redoubt on the right were driven out, but they did not retreat. Some of those confronting the rifle pits between the redoubts had also been repulsed, and these bands uniting bore to the left and joined their comrades in the other redoubt and helped to hold the fort. The Fifth Wisconsin meanwhile marched to the aid of the skirmishers, and other regiments followed, but the enemy barely waited for a second clinch with men so determined as the Maine boys had proved to be. Everything went by the board, and the victorious skirmishers received the lion's share of glory and trophies. Their captures included 350 prisoners, 4 cannon and 1 battleflag. But again they had paid for the post of honor. Out of 21 officers engaged 3 were killed and 13 wounded, and of 300 men 25 were killed and 70 wounded.

The Sixth dropped into one more forlorn charge, its third and last, when it joined Gen. Upton's column at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864. The loss there was 125, the killed counting 37. The major commanding and three captains were wounded. At the close of the fight there were 70 men left, and on the expiration of their term in July following the handful marched homeward. They reached Washington during the scare of Early's Maryland raid and promptly volunteered to defend the city.

The regiment carried but 1,200 men on its rolls in all, and 519 of them were killed or wounded. The killed reached 133. The first colonel of the regiment and leader of the line of battle at Marye's Heights, Hiram Burnham, accompanied the veterans home. He had been promoted to general, and after a brief furlough returned to the front. The day after he reached the field he was killed in leading a most desperate assault at Fort Harrison, near Richmond. Fated somehow to be breastwork stormers were these bold sons of Maine.

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